morsel by morsel, this man would do it all at a stretch, vomiting out the whole contents whenever he liked. He would drink water, ten to twelve pints at a stretch and then bend his body forward and stooping down his head quite low, would let out all the water, like the water that flows from the street tap, in a stream one or two inches thick. This seems to me to be but the same practice as the "Hata Yogis" are said to perform while engaged in their **Dhauti" or the internal cleaning process. The man happened to be of a very short stature but had a very stcut-built constitution and knew well the art of Indian gymnastics and wrestling. But with all his praiseworthy accomplishments he was nothing better than a **K. D.** i.e. a known desperado. As in our province "B Class** denotes criminals who have committed a crime more than once, so in Madras they call them **K. D. V or known desperadoes.

So much for the lunatics; I shall now revert to the supernatural once more and relate some very astounding stories that will startle my

readers when they come to know of them.